

TERROR



NO. 32
OCT.-NOV.

10¢

TALES FROM THE

CRYPT



FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



HEE, HEE! E.C.'S SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH
TO GIVE THESE TWO GHOULOOTS
A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!



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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEAR YE! COME IN, FRIENDS! COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! ONCE AGAIN WE MEET FOR OUR BIWEEKLY SESSIONS! YES, IT'S YOUR HOST INHORROR, THE GRIFF-KEEPER, OPENING HIS MAD-HOUSE WITH A REVOLVING PALE GUARANTEED TO CURE YOUR HAIR AND CIRCLE YOUR BLOOD! SEVERAL ISSUES BACK, I TOLD YOU A TALE ABOUT A BUTCHER WHICH PROVED VERY POPULAR! ONE WHO ISN'T EVEN SENT ME A CLEAVER, WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO WITH IT... BUT IT DIDN'T SINK IN! SO I DECIDED TO TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY ABOUT A BUTCHER... ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL TICKLE YOUR SPARE-RIBS! I CALL THIS MEATY LITTLE WORKSHOP METALOGRAMA...

AS THE RAUCOUS CANNIBAL REMARKED ON A PARTICULARLY HOT DAY...

"TAINT THE MEAT...
IT'S THE HUMANITY!"



NO ONE PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO JACK BRISTLE BEFORE WORLD WAR II. HE WAS JUST ANOTHER SMALL-TOWN BUTCHER. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WAR BROKE OUT WITH THE ADVENT OF MEAT RATIONING... RED POINTS... AND CEILING PRICES... JACK BRISTLE BECAME VERY POPULAR...

MURKIN: "MURKIN, I TELL YOU, MURKIN,
I DON'T WANT MR. BRISTLE! I DON'T WANT
TO LIVE EARLY! I DON'T WANT
TO LIVE EARLY!"



MR. BENT! TEPI! SADDOWAY, OL' ZACH BRITTLE FOUND HIMSELF THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN! HEH, HEH! WHY NOT? HE WAS THE ONLY BUTCHER! REMEMBER THOSE DAYS, KIDDIES! RATION BOOKS! NO MORE RED POINTS FOR EACH POUND OF MEAT! SO MANY RED POINTS ALLOWED EACH PERSON PER MONTH! IT WAS PRETTY TOUGH... THE SITUATION, THAT IS...

DR. BEARY'S ONLY HAVE FORTY-ONE POINTS LEFT. MR. BRITTLE CAN I LOSE THEM TO YOU?

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. VIBRILLE! I NEED THOSE POINTS IN ORDER TO BUY THE MEAT MYSELF! I COULDN'T DO THAT!

NO SIELOIN STEAKS, MR. FUDGY! I JUST SOLD THE LAST ONE TO MR. SIELOIN! I COULD LET YOU HAVE A FEW PORK CHOPES!



SORRY, MISS CLOV-BEARY! NOTHING BUT GALANTY LEFT! I EXPECT ANOTHER SHIPMENT TOMORROW! BUT YOU BETTER BE ON LINE EARLY! FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED, YOU KNOW!

POOR MR. BRITTLE! HE TRIES SO HARD! AND HE'S SO HONEST!

THESE RATIONINGS CERTAINLY IS HARD ON HIM!

YEP! MEAT RATIONING WAS HARD ON MR. BRITTLE! THAT IS, UNTIL HE DISCOVERED AN INTERESTING FACT... IF I COULD GET A T-BONE, THAT'S BIG-MONEY STEAK, MR. BRITTLE, DR. FATT! WE'D... SORRY OF, FORGET ABOUT THE CEILING PRICE!



NO TELLING HOW LONG THIS WAR WILL LAST, ZACH! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE HAT WHILE THE SUN SHINES! THERE ARE A FEW OF US WHO'D BE WILLING TO PAY ENOUGH TO GET WHAT WE WANT!

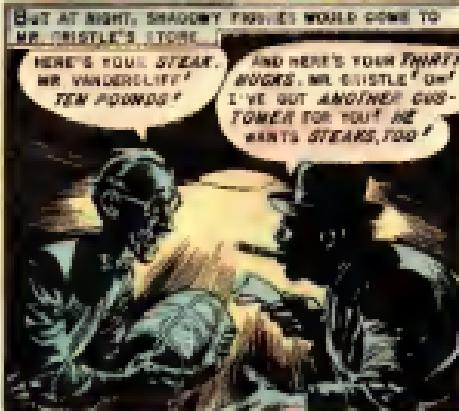
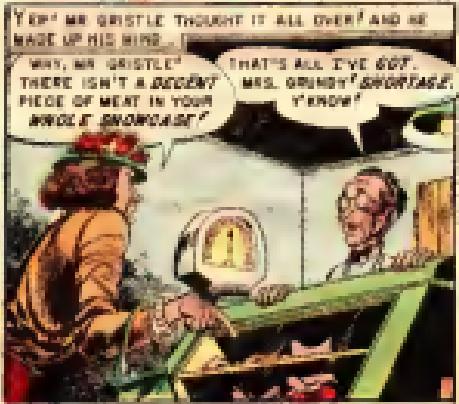
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE THE POOR PEOPLE, MR. VANDERCLIFF?

BUT IT YOURSELF, ZACH! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, NOW! YOU COULD BE PRETTY WELL OFF IF YOU USED YOUR BRAIN! THINK IT OVER!

I TELL YOU, I'LL THINK IT OVER!



ONE THOUSAND! TWO THOUSAND!
OH, PARDON ME! I WAS JUST
COUNTING MY CASH FROM THE
BLACK MARKET OPERATION I
WAS IN DURING THE WAR! HEH,
HEH! THERE WAS A SHORTAGE
OF CIGARETTES, Y'KNOW! I DREW UP
AN IDEA ON HOW TO CASH IN! ALL
I HAD TO DO WAS CLEAR OUT
THE DIRT AND POLISH 'EM UP
AGAIN! THEN, HEH! AS FOR ME,
GRISTLE... WELL... LET'S LOOK
IN ON HIS
HOME LIFE!

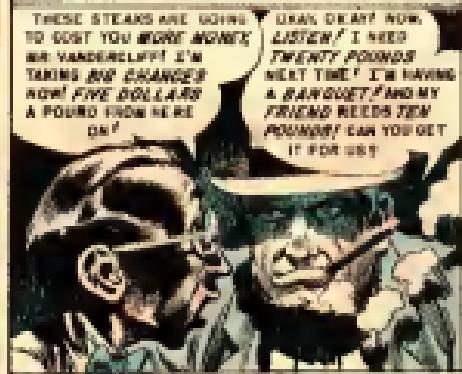




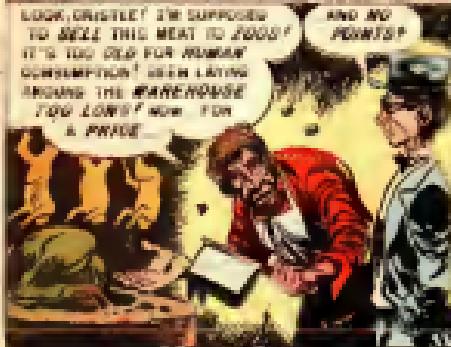
THEN MR. BRISTLE FOUND THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEMS! HE BEGAN BUTCHING HORSEMEAT, AND SELLING IT OFF TO HIS POOR CUSTOMERS AS THE REAL THING... THEREBY GETTING THOSE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS... .



AND WITH THE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS, HE'S PURCHASED GOOD MEAT WHICH HE'S SELLING AT THE BLACK MARKET.



"SOUR, THE HORSEMEAT WASN'T ENOUGH! MR. BRISTLE HAD TO FIND OTHER SOURCES OF SUPPLY...





SMART KID, THIS SARAH'S
GUNNA WITH HUNDREDS FO' ELLIN
PRICE. **88¢** FIVE DOLLARS TO
HUNDRIDLFY! BLACK MARKETT
IT FIGURED! BUT SHE'S A
GOOD KID, MRS. BRISTLE! SHE'S
REAL MAD...

AFTER JACK'S CUSTOMER LEAVES

**YOU'RE SELLING
MEAT ON THE
BLACK MARKETT**

**YOU KEEP
OUT OF THIS,
SARAH!**

**WE'RE
GOING
TO BE
RICH,
SARAH!**

**I DON'T WANT THAT
KIND OF MONEY! MR.
NORTON WAS TERRIBLY
BLOWN! WAS IT FROM
FOUR MEAT?**

**PROBABLY WHO CARES?
ANYWAY, I WANT THE MONEY!
AFTER THE MAN I'M GOING TO
RETIRE, I'VE SPOILED AWAY
SIX GRAND ALREADY!**

**YOU'VE GOT TO STOP
THIS! IT'S AGAINST
THE LAW!**

**HAW! AIN'T OLD SNORT-
MAN ABOUT HIS GASOLINE
BUSINESS? FIND OUT ABOUT
FIGHTIN' TIME RACKET!
EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT!
WHY SHOULDN'T I?**

**YEH! MRS. BRISTLE WAS AIN'T MAD... UNTIL SHE
COULDN'T TALK JACK OUT OF IT! HE WAS DETER-
MINED TO MAKE HIS FOLE... NO MATTER WHO
DAMPERED... GOT A DEAL FOR 'EM! I NEED SOME
YOU, BRISTLE! GOT SOME TAINTED
MEAT! REAL BAD! NO SMELL.
KNOW IT, THOUGH! GOT A PROGRESS
THAT COVERS IT UP! THEY
WON'T FIND OUT TELL IT'S BRINDE
EM! THEY'LL FEEL PRETTY BAD!**

**SO JACK BRISTLE BOUGHT THE SPOILED MEAT
AND SOLD IT TO HIS CUSTOMERS.**

**MY SISTER-IN-LAW IS HERE
FROM OUT OF TOWN! SHE'S
AMAZED THAT WE CAN GET
ALL THE MEAT WE WANT!**

**HAW! JUST TRY
TO DO MY BEST,
MRS. ASHERMOMMIE!
WHAT'LL IT BE?**



BERKES! DON'T TURN OVER THE PAGE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS! YOU'LL GEF TO IT! IT'S COMING! THE BEGINNING OF THE END COMBINES TO START RIGHT NOW! ER... FLOWERS FOR MRS. ABRACROMBIE! WHAT KIND? WHY LI LIED... OF COURSE! DEAD, I KNOW!



DID YOU HEAR? MRS. ABRACROMBIE JUST DIED! POISONED! THEY THINK HER SISTER-IN-LAW DID IT!



Poisoned? They're performing an autopsy right now!

Excuse me, Mrs. Barber. If that's all you want, it's like to close up!



MR. BRISTLE BROKE MRS. BARBER OUT OF THE STORE AND LOCKED IT UP! MR. BRISTLE WAS SCARED! MR. BRISTLE WAS GOING TO HIT THE ROAD... LEAVE TOWN... TAKE IT ON THE LAM...



WHY, THE ONCE GOIN' AROUND POISONIN' EVERYONE! MRS. ABRACROMBIE... AND MRS. SABRO... AND MRS. SHED... AND MR. BROWN! ALL DEAD! WATCH YERSelf! GOIN' HOME, ZACH!

E-YES! HELL! EGOVENT, PETE!



MR. BRISTLE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME! FIRST THING HE DID WHEN HE GOT THERE WAS TAKE HIS BLACK MARKET MONEY FROM ITS HIDING PLACE! ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!



IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SARAH! FOUR PEOPLE ARE DEAD ALREADY! I SOLD THEM PAINTED MEAT!

YOU... YOU WHAT?



"BUTTER, SARAH CAN'T
YOU HEAR? HE KILLED 'EM!
HE COULD 'EM POISONED
MEAT! AND NOW IT'S SINKING
INTO THAT FEMALE BRAIN!
AND THAT'S IT! GET MAD-FOOT
GOOD AND MAD-FOOT-HEIN...

**YOU'RE
A MUR-
DERER!**

I DIG IT FOR
US. SARAH
FOR YOU AND
ME AND...
JUNIOR!

JUNIOR!
HE'S EATING
AT HERIE
NORTON'S
HOUSE!
NORTON!
SHE
BOUGHT
SOME OF ITA...



AT THAT MOMENT, JUNIOR STRAIGHTED INTO THE
KITCHEN! HE LOOKED A LITTLE GREEN AROUND THE
EDGES...



LITTLE JUNIOR COLLAPSED ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR.
HE'S DEAD, I TELL YOU! **DEAD!** SARAH!
YOU KILLED
HIM, TOO...
OUR BOY... EH... EH...
OUR BOY...



WHEN THEY UNLOCKED ZACH BRITTLE'S BUTCHER SHOP THE
NEXT MORNING, THEY FOUND MRS. BRITTLE STANDING BEHIND
THE COUNTER... STARING INTO SPACE! SHE WORE A BLOOD-
SMEARED APRON AROUND HER NECK! BEFORE HER... IN THE MEAT
SHOWCASE... ZACH BRITTLE HAD BEEN GROSSLY CARVED AND
LAI'D OUT IN THE VARIOUS TRAYS...



ALL RIGHT, SO YOU AIN'T HUNGRY?
YOU CAN BROWSE SHOP, CAN'T YOU?
NOT INTERESTED, EH? MAYBE YOU'D
BE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING A FORMAL
BANQUET GIVEN BY THE GHOULS,
ZOMBIES, WEREWOLVES, AND FAM-
PIES BLACK-MARBLE BODIES
SYNDICATE IN HONOR OF ZACH
BRITTLE? HE WILL BE SERVED?
HMM? STILL NOT INTERESTED, EH?
HOW ABOUT SOMIN' ON TO THE FABLE-
KEEPER? THEY ARE NOT INTERESTING,
TOO! NOT A BORING STORY FOR YOU?
THEN I'LL DO YOU LATER WITH...

ANOTHER
CREEPY-CRYPT-
COLLECTOR'S
ITEM...

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEMIGHT! WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF HORROR, FIERCEST TEP, IT'S YOUR HOST, THE VAULT-KEEPER, BRISFIELD! EVER HEAR OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS? SURE YOU HAVE! WELL, I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF MOUNTAIN CRAWLERS... SOUTH AMERICAN HARRIERS! MY STORY CONCERNING ONE I CALL THIS BRISTLING TALE OF TERROR...

ROPED IN!



THE DOOR TO THE WAGNER-ELLS-BUDDY AND MORRAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SWINGS OPEN AND THE STRANGER ENTERS! HE LOOKS AROUND AND THEN STEPS UP TO THE RECEPTION DESK...

HEY, BUT WHAT WILL YOU TELL MR. DOWD
CAN I DO FOR YOU? WILL YOU TELL MR. DOWD
MORRAN TO STEP OUT HERE
FOR A MOMENT? MY
CREDENTIALS...



THE SECRETARY LOOKS DOWN AT THE STRANGER'S SLUTTERING BAGGAGE AND SAYS AT SHE SWITCHES ON THE OFFICE INTER-COM AND WHISPERS...

MR. MORGAN! THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUT HERE... TO SEE YOU!

HAVE HIM WAIT, MISS BALLVENTURE. I'M BUSY.

HE'S FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. SIR!

NOT ALL RIGHT! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

DONALD MORGAN COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE...

YESTERDAY MR. MORGAN, YOU WERE IN COMPLETE CHARGE OF THE CONTRACT FOR THE CITY HOSPITAL. WERE YOU NOT?



I MADE I HANDLED THE ENTIRE CONSTRUCTION JOB MYSELF! WHY?

MR. MORGAN! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



SIR? BUT... BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

THERE'S NO MISTAKE, MR. MORGAN! THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE HOSPITAL COLLAPSED THIS MORNING! AN INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT THE CONCRETE USED WAS SUB-STANDARD! ALMOST ALL SAND! BETTER COME ALONE SILENTLY!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ORDERED THAT CONCRETE MYSELF! I SPECIFIED THE MIXTURE! IT WAS A GOOD MIXTURE! SO I LET ME DO! I WON'T...



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

MORGAN! WHAT DOES HE WANT?

I WANT HIM FOR HOMICIDE. YOU, MR. MORGAN, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF TWENTY-ONE HOSPITAL PATIENTS!

WHAT NO? MR. MORGAN! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!





AFTER MR. MORGAN IS LED FROM THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OFFICE BY THE DETECTIVE, MR. WAGNER, THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE CONCERN, TURNS TO THE OTHER TWO...

BENLEMEN! I... I THINK
WE SHOULD HAVE A DETAILED
INVITATION TO MY
OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!

ELLIS: MR.
WAGNER?

OF COURSE,
MR. WAGNER!

MR. HENRY! LOOKS LIKE MR. ELLIS, MR. RICHARD
MR. WAGNER ARE SHOCKED OVER THIS LATEST
TURN OF EVENTS. ENJOYED IT LOOK AT 'EM...
CHATTERING LIKE A BUNCH OF MONKEYS! THEY
SEE IN NICE AND RESPECTABLE, EH. THE KIND
THAT ARE APPALLED BY DISHONESTY. P
WILL, COME ON IN AND LISTEN! YOU'LL
BE SHOCKED...



YEP! THAT'S THE PICTURE, ROBBIE! ELLIS, BICKLY, AND WAGNER HAVE BEEN TAKING THE HIGH GRADE CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL ORDERED BY MORGAN ON EVERY JOB HE'S HANDLED AND SUBSTITUTING CHEAP, INFERIOR GRADE STUFF! THEN THEY'VE BEEN POCKETING THE DIFFERENCE! POOR MORGAN IS RESPONSIBLE! FER, THEY'VE SPUN A NEAT LITTLE WEB OF EVIDENCE AROUND THE INCIDENT FOURTH PARTNER! NOW THE EVIDENCE IS BEING MENTIONED! LISTEN...



GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! HAVE YOU READIED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, RONALD MORGAN, INNOCENT OF MURDER!

NO! NO!



YES, RONALD! FEEF! THE WEB IS FIGHTY! IT'S BEEN WOVEN WELL! YOU'VE DONE FOR...



TAKE HIM AWAY!

I'M INNOCENT. I TELL YOU... INNOCENT!

AT THE OFFICES OF THE WAGNER, ELLIS, AND BICKLY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...



WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE, WAGNER?

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MORGAN, GENTLEMEN!

DO YOU REMEMBER THAT BOLIVIAN CONTRACT WE DID ON THE POWER PLANT AND DAMN WELL, WE GOT IT!

AND WHY THAT'S ONLY WORTH A COUPLE OF US DOLLARS, GENTLEMEN! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SPLIT THE PROFITS, NOW!



WHEN DO WE LEAVE, WAGNER?

TO-MORROW! WE'RE FLYING DOWN IN THE COMPANY'S PRIVATE PLANE!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, A SMALL FOUR-SEATER TAKES OFF FROM THE AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY... ROUND FOR LA PAZ, CAPITAL OF BOLIVIA.

POOR MORGAN! HE ALWAYS LOVED TO FLY WITH US! TOO BAD HE HAD TO MISS THIS TRIP!

HEH, HEH! YES! TOO BAD!



A WEEK LATER, THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S PLANE IS WINNING ITS RACE SOUTH OVER THE ANDES MOUNTAINS...



NORTH OF LAKE TITICACA ON THE PERU-BOLIVIAN BORDER, THE TINY PLANE RACES WEST, INTO A STORM.



THE STORM LASHES AT THE AIR-PLANE, TORSOING IT LIKE A FEATHER.



THE MOUNTAIN-TOP LOOMS UP BEFORE THE PLANE! WAHLER STRUGGLES WITH THE CONTROLS. I CAN'T GET ANY ALTITUDE! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY GOING AROUND!



THE THREE MEN IN THE PLANE STRAIN THEIR EYES, TRYING TO PIERCE THE GATHERING SLOOM. SUDDENLY, AS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING FLASHES...



THE SHOCK THROWS THE THREE MEN FORWARD! FOR A MOMENT, THE TINY PLANE VIBRATES CRAZILY.



WAHLER PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW! AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHES, THICK MORE, HE SCREAMS...



SOON THE STORM SUBSIDES! ELLIS TAKES A FLASHLIGHT AND OPENS THE PLANE DOOR...

"LOOK! THE PLANE IS CAUGHT ON THESE GABLES!"

"BE CAREFUL! YOU'LL FALL!"



ELLIS CLIMBS FROM THE TINY CRAFT... ONTO THE GABLE-LIKE STRUCTURE...

"IT'S SOME SORT OF A NETWORK! I'M GOING TO CLIMB DOWN!"

"NO, ELLIS! WAIT TILL DAYbreak! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HIGH UP WE ARE!"



BUT ELLIS DOES NOT LISTEN! HE STARTS DOWN THE CABLE RETROD... SOON, ONLY THE BLOW OF HIS FLASHLIGHT CAN BE SEEN.

"ELLIS! COME BACK! YOU CRAZY FOOL!"



SUDDENLY THE FLASHLIGHT-SLOW BLINKS OUT, AND THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-BURDING SENSE OF HORROR...



FROM INSIDE THEIR PLANE, WANNER AND RICKLT STARE INTO THE DARKNESS...

"WHAT... WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? HE MUST HAVE FALLEN!"

"NO! HIS SCREAM DIDN'T FADE AWAY! IT WAS CUT SHORT! HE... HE SAW SOMETHING!"



AS DAWN BREAKS, EVEN THE ARDES, WANNER AND RICKLT BEHOLD A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING SIGHT! THEIR TINY PLANE HANGS ENTWINED IN THE STRANGE CABLE-NETWORK, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE SHEER SIDES OF TWO MOUNTAINS AND HIGH OVER THE VALLEY FLOOR...

"LUCKY! WE CAN CLIMB TO SAFETY! IT REACHES THE MOUNTAIN SIDES."



BUCKLY MOVES OUT OVER THE CABLE RETROD! WANNER HANGS BACK, A SENSATION OF TERROR CRUMBLING DOWN HIS SPINE.

"C'MON, BUCKLY! YOU CAN'T STAY THERE TILL YOU STARVE!"

"...I DON'T KNOW... OH, MY LORD..."



THE GIANTIC HAIRY THING DARTS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE! ITS EIGHT HUGE SPINY LEGS CARRY IT AT A BREATHTAKING SPEED! WAGNER SCREAMS...

BUCKLY! LOOK OUT! IT'S A GIANT SPIDER!

AAAAAAAGH!

WAGNER SCAMMERS BACK INTO THE TRAPPED PLANE AND CLAMS THE DESERT FROM A WINDOW HE WATCHES AS THE GIANT CRAWLING THING REACHES BUCKLY.

OH, LORDY! IT'S DEVOURING HIM!



BUCKLY'S HYSTERICAL SHRIEKS OF PAIN FINALLY SUBSIDE! THE HUGE SPIDER TURNS AND MOVES TOWARD THE PLANE...

NOW...NOW, IT'S COMING TO GET ME!



THE GIANT SPIDER CROUCHES OVER THE TINY PLANE WAITING FOR ITS TERRIFIED OCCUPANT TO EMERGE! IT WAITS PATIENTLY HOUR AFTER HOUR...

I'M TRAPPED! TRAPPED! IT'S JUST SITTING THERE... WAITING FOR ME...



BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, THE WARDER AND THE DOCTOR STARE DOWN AT DONALD MORGAN! HE SITS IN THE CORNER OF HIS CELL... MUMBLING...

HE'S BEYOND HOPE... HE'S WAGNER'S COMPLETE MENTAL BREAKDOWN!

WHILE HIGH IN THE ANDES, MORGAN'S EX-BUSINESS ASSOCIATE IS SUFFERING THE SAME FATE! HE, TOO, IS OUT OF HIS MIND...

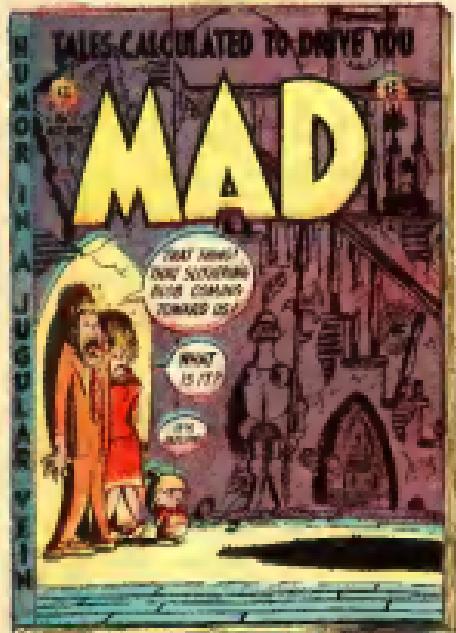
THAT'S AN EX-TRADER, ERNIE MURKIN, JILL, FOR ME, ERNIE...



HEH, HEH! YEP! SO AFTER WAGNER, ELLIS AND BUCKLY TRAPPED MORGAN IN A WEB OF SPIDERS! THEY WERE TRAPPED IN ONE THREETHREEOVER - A REAL WEB. THAT IS! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING IF A SPIDER LIKE THAT REALLY EXISTS? WELL, NEXT TIME YOU HEAR A LOCAL SPIDER-SLASH IT IF IT EVER HEARD OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAIN CRAWLER! IT'LL PROBABLY GOOF UP AND DIE AT THE HERE MENTION OF ITS NAME! YEAH, HOOY!

E.C. FANS!

UNDoubtedly THE ZANIEST
10¢ WORTH OF IDIOTIC
WONDERSESS YOU COULD EVER
HOPE TO BUY/TRY IT.—
JUST FOR LAUGHS!



ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!
ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

CURSE!

Ramsey squeezed the trigger and felt the pistol buck violently in his hand. The young native guide in front of him spun around and crashed headlong into the heavy foliage.

"I don't need him any longer," Ramsey muttered as he slipped his gun back into its holster and stepped around the body sprawled beside the crude trail. "Now that he's revealed the hiding place of his peoples' treasure, I can go the rest of the way myself. As soon as I crack open the tomb where these superstitious savages buried their loot, a fortune in diamonds and rubies is mine!"

3 hours later... 3 grueling hours of incessant hacking through the matted underbrush... Ramsey staggered into a grassy clearing. Before him, rising grey and ominous as the guide had predicted, towered the mountain where the treasure of Malakko Island was hidden. A half-million dollars, intended as a sacrifice to primitive gods, was sealed up in those rocks!

The fatigue of the long trek from the coast... the painful lunging over razor-backed ridges and through evilly-sucking swamps... was forgotten by Ramsey in that moment of ecstasy. Here... somewhere along the base of this craggy mountain... was the secret entrance to a sacrificial chamber which housed a king's ransom!

The sun had begun fading when Ramsey found the cryptic designs carved into the stone. A warning, the

guide had whispered, that doom awaited anyone who dared invade the sanctity of the mountain! The only one who's perished because of that fool curse, Ramsey sneered, was the guide, himself!

In a few minutes he had jammed a dozen sticks of dynamite into fissures beside the sealed entrance. From a distance, protected by a huge boulder, Ramsey heard the shattering blast and saw tons of rock shower in every direction. When the dust had settled he raced toward the gaping hole now revealed in the mountain's side... even from this distance he could see the glimmer of precious stones within the tomb. It was all his...

A deep rumble made him stop in his tracks. The ground began to tremble wildly... for above, the mountaintop was disintegrating before his eyes! Flames leaped madly toward the clouds... hissing black lava gushed torrentially down upon him...

Before Ramsey, in his terror, could see across the grassy clearing, the searing liquid was upon him. Like fiery tar it bubbled around his legs, searing the tortured skin and tearing it loose in raw shreds. Pain stabbed instantly through his body, from head to toe... he felt stifling heat filling his agonized lungs, choking his breath in his throat.

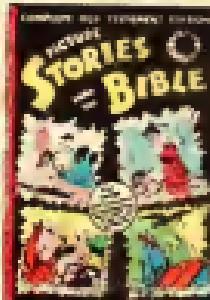
The treasure... a thought flickered through his brain as he felt himself dissolving in that blanketing sea of molten lava... buried in the side of a VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN! Dynamite... activated it...

The scorching lava rolled on, and in its midst Ramsey's body turned molten hot... sizzled and spit like meat broiled in a blast-furnace...



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THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

So, now you know! So maybe my two idea editors won't be comprendering large portions of my column any more to make some ridiculous statement about E.C.'s latest money grabbin' effort! A couple of pages back, you probably saw the cover of the first issue of the most recent addition to the E.C. trash heap/ MAD! That'll tell ya! You'd be MAD if you BOUGHT it! Of all the maaaaaany things, this new mag is scarily FUNNY...eh? How disgusting can one get? When I reluctantly agreed to be myself up with this miserable outfit, and allowed my Tales from the Crypt to be published in the form of comic stripettes, I never in my greatest dreams dreamed that I would be in any way associated with forty-type magazine! Imagine a "comic" being COMIC! (See C.K. There's a HORROR story in "MAD"!—ed.) Who tells it? Does V.K. tell it? Does O.W. tell it? DO I TELL IT? WHO TELLS IT? (Harvey Kurtzman tells it!—ed.) THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! What does that WAR MONSTER know about HORROR? Where does POW, KA-BLAMM, WHOOOSH, Krasseman come off writing horror stories? (See the difference, C.K. This is a FUNNY stories mag! Why, we nearly died!—ed.) NEARLY, eh? Die the fuck! And anyway, who ever heard of a FUNNY HORROR story? (See C.K.) You lie, Jack Davis, don't I!—ed.) THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! What does...WHOP! Jack Davis!—ed.) JACK!—ed.) DAVID! MY!—ed.) BOY! (There, there, C.K. No more!—ed.) How, how could he do that to me! (Example: We offered him MONEY!—ed.) RUINING HIM! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING! RUINING HIM! DEAD BODIES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH! PICKED-UP WEREWOLF ENDSKIES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH! VAMPIRE GHOULASH (HUNGARIAN STYLE) ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH! You have to spell him with MONEY! (You do know your way, we'll do business the way!—ed.) I QUIT! (Now, now! The CONTRACT? Remember?—ed.) Hmmpf! (That's done! Now go on with your column!—ed.) Ah, yes! The column! Well, let's look at some mail!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

I suppose by now you've discovered the mistake you made in Tales from the Crypt No. 30, and have received hundreds of corrective letters. But in case you haven't, you see that the gold sections curved around the Cape of Good Hope which is in Africa, when you obviously meant Cape Horn in South America.

B. Knueppel

N. Bergen, N.J.

In your first story, I found a big mistake. It said, "A jolly hungry centaur'd taken bigger steps round the Cape of Good Hope and beaten us." Of course the fact that the Cape of Good Hope is in Africa shouldn't matter much, except that they would

have landed in India. Most of them didn't go around Cape Horn anyway! They went to the islands of Panama, crossed on foot to the other side, and got a boat which was waiting for them.

James H. Dyer
Vassar, N.Y.

In "Ghastly Pictures" you wrote that the gold miners went around the Cape of Good Hope. This hardly seems possible since said cape is the southern tip of Africa. Was this a mistake or a geographical error?

David A. V. Wenzel
Duluth, Minn.

All right, already! So I write a column! So what's next? I should know geography! Besides, the first column should have caught the mistake! (We should have geography!—ed.) (I know geography!—Harvey Kurtzman) WAR MONSTER!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

Probably you didn't think your "horror stories" entitled about long creatures across the Atlantic to scare children that are now here in England. May I take this opportunity to say that yours are the best horror and science stories I've ever read. Let's hope that your future publications of horrors (your magazines) keep managing to avoid their ghosts may never be able to bark me seriously!

John Corcoran
London, England

Hiway! To hell in Bloody cockin, by Jesus, and all that sort of rot! It's been bloody weeing from you, Al, old boy!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

Your stories are the most revolting, the most repulsive, the most disgusting stories I have ever read. When I read your magazine, I get sick to my stomach. I am not alone in this opinion. All my friends think the same thing. Keep up the good work!

Harriet Gaskins
Wellesley, Mass.

My friends think so too, Mary!

Dear C.K.

I would be more pleased if you would send me the set of photographs. I've decided to read it all, and don't the gaudy old way I have. Enclosed is the jacket for required contributions.

Edgar Hammett
San Francisco, Calif.

For any of you other grueling regulars who are looking for a map out, be advised that the by-gone autographed photographic reproductions of V.K., O.W., and myself are still available...and will be for some time! Be sure to order! Mail your quarter in advance! Few hundred copies of Tales of Terror packing around too. Likewise recent! Subscriptions...half year...six issues...six issues...75¢. In case of the realms of pen nibs, hopped legal complaint, enclosures, payment orders, T. of T. orders, subscription orders, and three orders (make me one of 'em!) inc.

The Crypt Keeper
Box 186, Dept. M
223 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

READ OF THE STARK HORROR TWO MEN FOUND IN A GAME OF **CUTTING CARDS!**

From *Crime*



THIS STORY IS PROBABLY THE MOST HORRIBLE, BLOOD-BODROLING TALE YOU WILL EVER HEAR! IT CONCERN'S TWO PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS—BUD FORNEY AND LOU GREENSBORO GAMBLERS, BIG-TIME GAMBLERS, LIKE HOS AND LOS...ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES! GAMBLING IS THEIR LIFE! THE BIGGER THE BET, THE BLOODIER! BUT BUD FORNEY AND LOU GREENSBORO HATED EACH OTHER...HATED EACH OTHER LIKE POISON...

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS TOWN FOR BOTH OF US, LOS!

I'M NOT LEAVING, BUD! 50,000-BUCKS...SET ON YOUR HORSE...

I MEAN THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS WHOLE WORLD FOR BOTH OF US, LOS! AND I'M WILLIN' TO GAMBLE TO SEE WHO LEAVES IT!

YOU'RE PLUCKING, BUD! DAY! YOU'RE ON! I SHALL BE GRANT HIGH CARD BUD! THE LOWER BUD! THE CHOICE OF METHOD IS MINE!

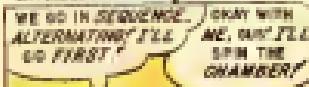




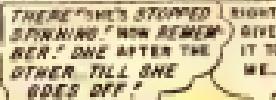
GUS STARED DOWN AT THE CARDS PARMED BUT BEFORE HIM! THE ODDS WERE SIXTEEN TO ONE AGAINST HIS PICKING ONE OF THE THREE REMAINING ACES! HE SPUN A CARD OVER...



GUS TOOK HIS REVOLVER FROM THE DRAWER AND REMOVED ALL BUT ONE BULLET FROM ITS SIX CHAMBERS...



LOU TOOK THE SIX-SHOT REVOLVER AND TWIRLED THE CHAMBER...



LOU TOOK THE REVOLVER AND LIFTED THE BARREL TO HIS TEMPLE! THE ODDS WERE FIVE TO ONE...





GUS HANDED THE GUN TO LOU! LOU PLACED THE MUZZLE AGAINST HIS HEAD! ODDS NOW... FIFTY TO ONE...



GUS TOOK THE GUN! BEADS OF SWEAT BEGAN TO POP OUT ON THE TWO GAMBLERS' FACES! BUT PISTOLS THE REVOLVERS COULD... FIFTY TO ONE...



LOU TOOK THE GUN! THERE WERE THREE SHOTS LEFT NOW! ONE OF THEM HAD THAT BULLET! ODDS... FIFTY TO ONE...



LOU SHRIEKED IN RELIEF AND MOPPED HIS BROW! GUS'S HAND SHOOK A LITTLE AS HE RAISED THE GUN! HE RESISTED! IT WAS EVER MENTIONED! HIS FINGER TWITCHED... THEN CLOSED...



GUS BREATHED! LOU STARED AT THE GUN! THE ODDS HAD RUN OUT! THE BULLET WAS LEFT! GUS HANDED THE WEAPON OVER...

HEARTBURN! TOO BAD, LOU!

SHOVE!



LOG LIFTED THE GUN AND STEELED HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH BLOW AS THE BULLET CAME CRASHING INTO HIS BRAIN. HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...

CLUNK!

WHAT? IT... IT
DON'T GO OFF!

A... A DUD? WHY, YOU DIRTY G... I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED TO GO FIRST! YOU THOUGHT I'D GRAB...



DON'T BE AN IDIOT! LONG YOU TWIRLED THE CHAMBER? HOW DID I KNOW IT? IT CAME UP, YOU HAD A SURE THING! IT COULD COME UP LAST!!

YOU CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, GUY! NO MATTER WHEN IT CAME UP, YOU HAD A SURE THING!

ARE YOU ASSURING ME... AND FORNEY, HEART-LUCKY OF CHEATING? I'M AN HONEST GAMBLER. DIED NEVER HAVE FOUND OUT! BUT I NEVER FELON WHEN I LOSE!

GRAT, DREWS! IF YOU'RE SUCH A BIG-SHOT GAMBLER, THEN YOU'LL ACCEPT MY CHALLENGE!

YOU JUST NAME IT!



NOBODY CALLS HIS FORNEY A CHEAT! DREWS, I CHALLENGE YOU TO A GAME OF CHOP-POKER!

GRAT, YOU DRUM! YOU'RE ON!

TO A FINISH! CALL YOUR DOCTOR! I'LL GET MINE!





LOG PICKED UP THE SLEEVES AND STOOD OVER
HIM.

新编现代汉语词典

THE PLANT, CHORE,
YOU!



THE
TEN

THE
WALL
PAPER



I AM FAMOUS
FOR LOVE

JOURNAL OF
THE AMERICAN
FOLKLORE SOCIETY



IT WAS DINE A FRENCH DOLL! THE DOCTORS WERE THE SEDONS' TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE SHE'S SECOND SERVICEABLE! THE BANDAGE WAS FLITCHED AND WHEN THEY REAPPEARING...

TOPS REAL-LEAF

100



LOW DEALT THE CARD! THEY DISCARDED... THEN
I GOT TWO PAIR, MY HAND LOST
OUT. JAMES IS A HOODIE!

MY NAME, LOST
DUE TO PERSON /



LOU PICKED UP THE CLEAVER IN HIS GOOD HAND. LOU'S SECOND MOVED INTO THE LAMPLIGHT...



AGAIN TIME WAS TAKEN BUT WHILE LOU'S SECOND SERVICED HIM, GUS, THE CARDS WERE SHUFFLED ONCE MORE...



BUT LOU AND GUS NEVER DID PLAY CARD POKER TO A FINISH! OH, YES! THEY PLAYED ALL NIGHT AND INTO THE NEXT DAY, BUT THEY HAD TO QUIT TOWARD EVENING; SEEMS THAT NEITHER OF THEM COULD DEAL THE CARDS!



LOU STRETCHED OUT HIS LEFT HAND; GUS TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



HEH, HEH! PERHAPS THAT'S HOW THE GAME WAS PLAYED! IT CONTINUED ON LIKE THAT... FAR INTO THE NIGHT! AS EACH HAND WAS PLAYED AND WON...



WHAT YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? WELL, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS HOSPITAL ROOM! LOU AND GUS ARE IN THERE... STILL GAMBLING...



THE END

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

PEANUTS, POPOORN... HEE, HEE! TEP, IT'S YOUR FEEDER OF FOUL FABLES... THE OLD WITCH... COOKIN' AGAIN! GOT A CHOCO RECIPE FOR YOU THIS TIME! ELEPHANT STEAK BURNISHED WITH CRUSHED PAPER! I GOT THE IDEA FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU! I CALL THIS BARBLED BRAISING OF BORE...

SQUASH... ANYONE?

FOR A MOMENT, THE CROWD UNDER THE BIG-TOP SAT DEATHLY SILENT. THEN, FROM THE BARRIBARS, A DRUM BEGAN TO ROLL... IT'S GRIMM'S STACCATO OF ANTICIPATION GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER! IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, THE MUTE ELEPHANT LIFTED A MASSIVE FORELEG! THE BOASTFUL GLAD WOMAN RECALLED ON THE TAMBOUR FLOOR! THE ELEPHANT TRAINER BARKED ORDERS! THE RINGMASTER ARROUNGED...

...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING FEAT EVER PRESENTED UNDER THE BIG-TOP...



THE WOMAN WHIPPED UNDER THE MAMMOTH UPRAISED FOOT
OF THE ELEPHANT! THE TRAINER SHOUTED ABOVE THE DRUM-
ROLL'S RISING CRESCEDEO! THE ELEPHANT TRUMPETED,
CURLING ITS TRUNK...

EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS... LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN! SHE LIVES... AND IT MEANS
CERTAIN DEATH BY MATCH...



THE GIRL STARED UP AT THE HUGE HOOF
IT WAS DIRECTLY OVER HER FACE! THE
TRAINER BARKED AN ORDER! THE GOLIATH
LOWED ITS UPRAISED FOREFOOT! THE DRUM-
ROLL THUNDERED...



THE ELEPHANT HOOF TOUCHED THE
WOMAN'S NOSE! A CYMBAL CRASHED...

THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL
KEDDED AGAIN AND AGAIN! THE
CROWD CHEERED...



THE ELEPHANT ACT WAS OVER! THE
CIRCUS BAND STRUCK UP A HAPPY
MARCH, AND THE CLOWNS SHRIEKED
OUT ALOUD THE ARENA! THE
TRAINER AND THE GIRL DISAP-
PEARED THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY...



THE COUPLE MOVED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS
TO A TRAILER! THE LETTERS PAINTED UPON IT
WERE BIG AND IMPRESSIVE! "WILD WORLD'S GREATEST
ELEPHANT TRAINER!"

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE
INTO TOWN TONIGHT, MILD?"

"NOT TONIGHT,
RENÉ! I'M
TARDED..."

ELEF



THE INSIDE OF THE TRAILER WAS CROWDED AND
MESSY! COLORFUL COSTUMES LAY STRUNG ABOUT!
BOOKS AND MAGAZINES SPRAWLED ON EVERY
AVAILABLE SURFACE...

"NOT TOMMOWT! NOT TOMMONT!"
THAT'S ALL I AGAD! WELL,
I'M NOT STAYIN' AROUND
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, NOT IN
THIS DUMP!"

"I'M NOT
STOPPIN' YOU
FROM GOIN'
INTO TOWN, RENÉ!"



THE WOMAN SLIPPED OUT OF HER
COUNTY COSTUME AND INTO A
STREET-DRESS.

A RECK OF A MARRIAGE! THEN
DODGE! I MIGHT AS WELL DIVORCE
ME MARRIED TO YOU! ME,
ELEPHANT! RENE!

OH, NOT NOT THAT
EASY BIG BOY!
YOU'RE STUCK
WITHME! IT'S
NEVER GIVE
YOU A DIVORCE
WITHOUT A FIGHT!
IT'D COST YOU
PLENTY...

DEAR, RENE!
DEAR!
WE'VE BEEN
ALL THROUGH
THIS BEFORE!

RENE SLAMMED THE DOOR OF
THE TRAILER IN ANGER AS SHE
LEFT! FROM BEYOND, IN THE
SHADOWS, A FIGURE WATCHED HER
ENTER THE CAR...



AS SOON AS RENE'S DRIVEN OFF, THE FIGURE
MOVED OUT OF THE SHADOWS. IT WAS A WOMAN!
SHE HURRIED TOWARD MILD'S TRAILER.



THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER FOR A FEW MOMENTS.
THEN...



LEOTA LOOKED AT MILD! A FLASH OF EVIL GLISTENED
IN HER TEMPESTUOUS EYES.

WHAT—WHAT IF THERE
WERE A KILLABLE ACCIDENT?
WHAT IF RENE WERE KILLED?

LEOTA!
WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

EMMA COULD SWIM, MY
GIRL! DON'T YOU SEE
HOW EASY IT COULD BE?

NOT EMMA
WOULD NOT SWIM
SHE'S WELL
TRAINED! SHE
WOULD NOT PUT
HER FOOT DOWN
UNTIL I SIGNALLED
HER.





LEETA'S EYES BURNED! HER FACE DARKENED...
IT'S THAT... OR ME, WILD! I'M NOT... GIVE ME A
CHANCE FOR THIS... THE SECRET CHANCE TO THANK
MEET TWO MONSTERS! I WANT IT OVER, LEETA!
YOU... ALL THE TIME... OR
NOT AT ALL!

LEETA SMILED! SHE PURSED HER LIPS... RUNNING
HER HAND THROUGH WILD'S HAIR...
OF COURSE, MY DARLING! TILL
TOMORROW NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE!
AND IF IT DOESN'T HAPPEN
TOMORROW...



THE NEXT EVENING, WILD AND RENE STOOD IN THE
ENTRANCE-WAY TO THE BIG-TOP, AWAITING THEIR
DUE-MUSIC. EMMA TRUMPETTED SOFTLY! SHE SEEMED
TO SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

THERE, THERE, GIRL! EMMA! SHE'S ALL RIGHT...
RENE, NEWFOUND TONIGHT, FUMON! THERE'S OUR
WILD!



THE FANFARE SILENCED THE CROWD! THE RING-
MASTER INTRODUCED THE ACT AS THE SPOT-LIGHT
SWUNG TO THE ROWING-PERFORMERS...

AND NOW, WILD, THE GREATEST ELEPHANT
TRAINER IN THE WORLD... AND HIS WUNDER-
ELEPHANT, EMMA, ASSISTED BY THAT BEAUTY-
DEFYING BEAUTY... RENE...



THE DRUM BEGAN ITS RAGING ROLL. ONCE MORE! MILD BARKED AN ORDER AND EMMA LETTED HER FOOT. HEAVY GOT DOWN ON THE RING-FLOOR AND WRIGGLED BELOW IT...



THE THUNDER OF THE ROLLING DRUM GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER! EMMA'S MOUTH HUNG MANAGINGLY ABOVE RENE'S WHITE FACE! MILD BARKED AN ORDER AND THE HUGE FOOT LOWERED SLOWLY...



FOR A MOMENT, EMMA'S HUGELY HOOF TOUCHED RENE'S WHITE FACE! THE DRUM ROLL REACHED ITS CREScENDO...



AS THE DRUM CRASHED, MILD SHOUTED AT UNNATURAL HORROR:



THE SCREAM CAME TOO LATE! TINA WAS WELL-TRAINED AND RESPONDED IMMEDIATELY! MILD WATCHED IN HORROR AS EIGHT THOUSAND FONDS DESCENDED ON RENE'S FEAR-TWISTED FACE...



EMMA TRUMPETED LOUDLY! SHE REARED UP... FROTTING! FOR A MOMENT, THE SWIRLING ADDITION WAS BROKEN BY THE HORROR SIGHT! THEN SOMEBODY CHATTERED... PANDEMUM BLOW LOUDER! MILD HOLLERED ALONE!

SOMEbody DO SOMETHING!
EMMA'S DONE MAD!



TWO GUARDS RUSHED FORWARD! THEY FIRED AT THE RED-EYED FIGHTER! EMPTYED THEIR GUNS INTO HER THICK HAIR! THE CROWD SURGED AND SHRIEKED AS IT RUSHED FOR THE EXIT...



EMMA SWAYED AND TOPPLED OVER ON HER SIDE. DEAD! THE CIRCUS BAND BLARED IN DISCORD. ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE ORDER THE FIM-MASTER RUSHED TO HER AS HE STARED DOWN AT RENE'S CRUSHED REMAINS IN UTTER REVULSION...

DON'T... DON'T!
RENE?
LOOK AT HER MILD!
IT... IT'S HORRIBLE!
RENE!

THEY LED MILD TO THE EXIT-WAY! HE WAS SORROW SOFTLY! BUT THAT NIGHT—FAR FROM THE CIRCUS GROUNDS—HE AND LESTA LAUGHED TOGETHER...

IT WAS SO SIMPLE,
DARLING! SO SIMPLE!

I TOLD YOU, MILD!
I TOLD YOU IT
WOULD BE!



MILD WAS FREE NOW—FREE OF RENE FOREVER! HE AND LESTA MADE PLANS...

WE'LL WAIT A FEW MONTHS... JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD... AND THEN WE'LL BE MARRIED!

AND I'LL BEGIN TRAINING ANOTHER ELEPHANT!

FROM NOW ON,
IT'S SMOOTH SAILING FOR US, MILD!

C'MERE,
BABY!



I DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MILD TO TRAIN A NEW ELEPHANT TO TAKE EMMA'S PLACE! WITHIN A YEAR THE ACT WAS AGAIN THRILLING AUDIENCES...

...MILD—with his WONDER-ELEPHANT, BESSIE—ASSISTED BY THAT BEAUTY—DEFINITE BEAUTY—LESTA!



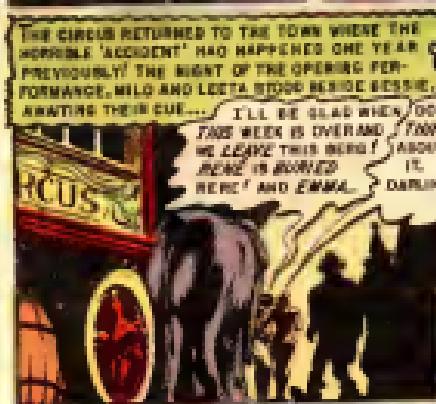
THE CIRCUS RETURNED TO THE TOWN WHERE THE HORRIBLE 'ACCIDENT' HAD HAPPENED ONE YEAR PREVIOUSLY! THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING PERFORMANCE, MILD AND LESTA STOOD BESIDE BESSIE, WAITING THEIR CUE...

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN DON'T THIS WEEK IS OVER AND TONIGHT WE LEAVE THIS BORING! ABOUT RENE IS BORING IT. RENE! AND EMMA... DARLING!

THE ONE FANFARE BLARED! THE SPOT-LIGHT SWUNG TO THE EXIT-WAY TO PICK THEM UP! A DISTANT SHRIEK TRUMPETING SOUNDED.

STEADY, BESSIE, GASP! THAT WASN'T BABY!

1-1-



THE LOW RUMBLING THAT ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT DID NOT COME FROM THE BARN-STATE? A GLIMPSE DARTED ACROSS THE ARENA, REVEALING...

I SAW THEM... MILD!
I SAW THEM! WHAT
WAS IT?



IT BURST THROUGH THE BARN-WAY ACROSS THE TARBARK FLIGHTS! IT TRUMPETED SHRIEKLY! THE STENCH FILLED THE BIG-TOP! ITS ROTTING HIDE FELL AWAY IN SLIMY GLOSS AS IT MOVED! HERE AND THERE, WHITENED BONES PROTRUDED THROUGH ITS MAWDOR-COVERED FLIGHT PERCHED ON THE REMAINS OF ITS HEAD, BUT THE DECAYED FIGURE OF A HORSE, URGING IT ON...

EMMA... AND RENÉ!



IT LUMBERED TOWARD THE HORRIFIED TRAINER AND HIS NEW WIFE... THE THING, IN ITS HEAD POINTING WILDLY...



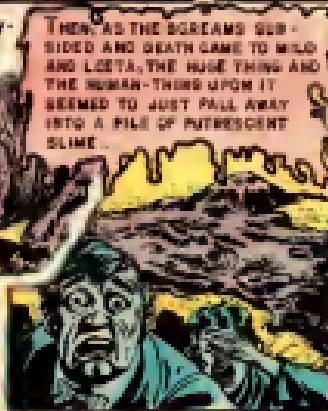
IT WAS TOO LATE FOR MILD TO MOVE... TOO LATE TO RUN! THE THING RAN UPON HIM, LIFTING HIM IN ITS FOUL-SMELLING, DECOMPOSING TRUNK! LOETA WAS CAUGHT BENEATH ONE OF ITS HUGE ROTTED HOOFs...

EEEEEEEEE... AAAAAGGG...



MILD WAS FLUNG TO THE TAR-BARK WITH THE FORCE OF A TWENTY-STORY FALL! LOETA WAS CRUSHED FLAT.

THEN AS THE SCREAMS SUBSIDED AND DEATH CAME TO MILD AND LOETA, THE HUGE THING AND THE HUMAN—THREE UPON IT SEEMED TO JUST PULL AWAY INTO A PILE OF PUTRESCENT SLIME...



PEANUTS, POPCORN, PUTRESCENT SLIME! HER, LADY! BUY FER MEAT A BIG BAG OF PUTRESCENT SLIME! HER, MIST' TEP! THAT'S M' TALE, RIGGERS! ERNE AND EMMA GOT THEIR REVERSE, AND MILD AND LOETA GOT THEIRS TOO! BY THE WAY, I'M SELLING COTTON-CANDY! GOT A WHOLE TROY-POUND! HELLO! WHAT ROTTEN-TASTING STUFF! WE NOW, WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT-KEEPER'S HAIR, THE HAIR OF HORROR!



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